

# DAMS AND MILEAGE FROM MOUTH

Gilbertsville, Paducah, Ky.....	22.5
Pickwick Landing near Savannah, Tenn.	206.7
Wilson, Florence .....	259.4
Wheeler near Florence.....	274.9
Guntersville near Guntersville.....	349
Chickamauga near Chattanooga .....	471
Watts Bar Dam.....	529.9
Coulter Shoals .....	602.3

## On Tributaries

Hiawassee

Norris

## Above by TVA

Others: Calderwood, Parksville, Santeetlah,  
Waterville, Fontana, Cheoah, Hales Bar.

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE  
ONE CENT  
STAMP  
HERE



## TENNESSEE VALLEY AND CANYON

Roll on deep river a-down your canyon  
Whose broad acres spread from mount to  
mount,  
Where the fertile fields of amber grain,  
Where green pastures beside your fount,  
Breathe the breath of life again and again.

Your seasons have their growth of seed,  
Their budding and their emerald green,  
Your purple peaks caress the sky,  
And catch the gleam of silvery sheen,  
From sun, and moon, and starshine high.

Harvests that wander o'er your scope,  
Bid men drink of their juicy cup;  
In the dawning and in the dusk,  
They ever call man to look up,  
And give thanks for fruit in the husk.

Roll on deep river of renown,  
They revel in your cotton fields,  
Who see them grow and burst asunder,  
Into white masses-fleecy yields,  
Amidst the rain and pealing thunder.

Roll on deep river of mountain source,  
And wed the beautiful OHIO,  
Two hundred sixty miles from your mouth,  
The great Wilson dams your steady flow,  
Turbinizing power for the Sunny South.

Roll on deep river of huge dams,  
Armies' feet have trodden your banks,  
The Blue—The Gray, in battle array,  
Whose vanguards led their marching ranks  
Where vic' try or defeat held sway.

Roll on deep river of Indian mounds,  
Your braes have kissed the tired feet,  
Of Red Skin Braves with war-like tramp,  
As on they trooped or made retreat,  
While many fell with death-dew damp.

Roll on deep river of far fame,  
Your canyon of enchanted ground,  
Should charm the stars hung out in space,  
As over your mighty dams you bound,  
At even but of powerful pace.

By Ida Elizabeth Maxwell.